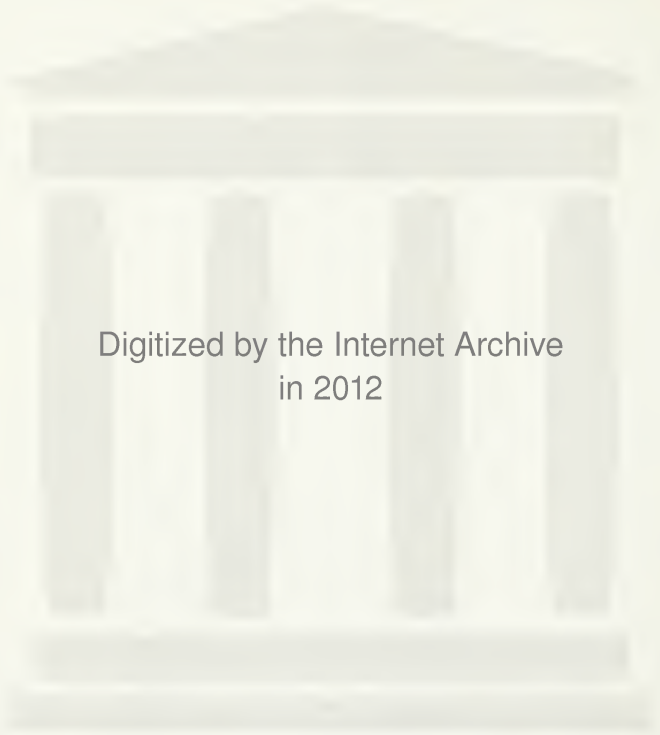


Souvenir of the Seventh

Containing a Brief History of it.

Prefaced with a view

... FRONT AND REAR ...

OF THE

"LATE UNPLEASANTNESS."

EMBELLISHED

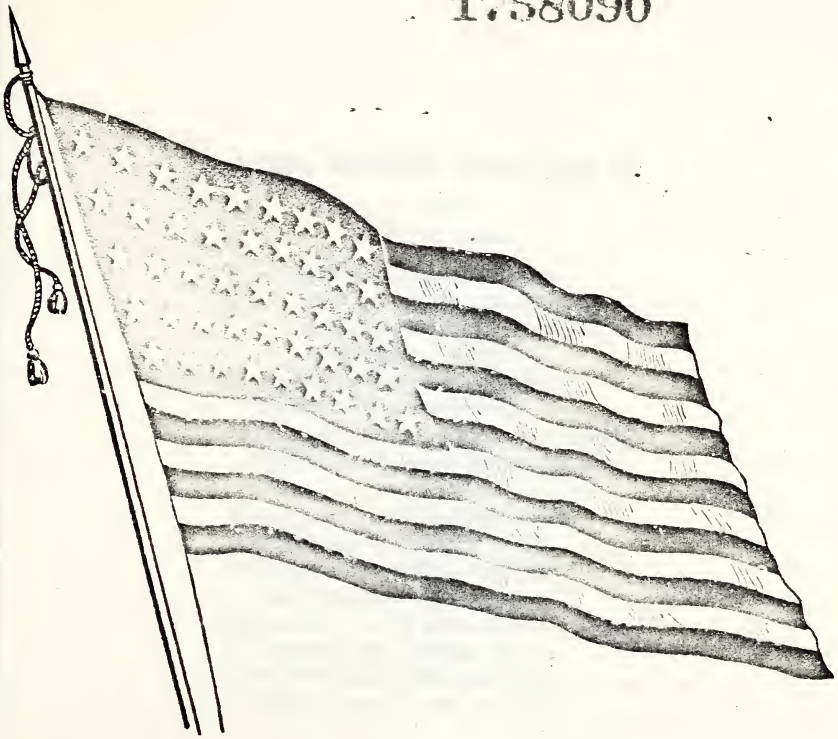
WITH CUTS REPRESENTING THREE PHASES OF THE SOLDIER
AND OTHER APPROPRIATE ILLUSTRATIONS.

By

SERGEANT J. A. TIVY,

603 Sixteenth St.,

DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

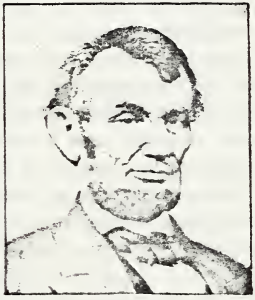


HOME WHERE THE FLAG IS.

BY OLIVE LOGAN.

'TIS home where'er the flag is,
Dear hearts remember that;
You may be at Pekin, Paris, Madrid
or Ararat;
But wheresoe'er waves that fair,
That bonnie banner blue,
With stars bedight, with stripes so bright,
There's home, sweet home, for you.

Sweet home, where'er our flag is,
Honor 'neath its stars,
If waved from foreign crag 'tis
That foreign crag is ours!
Columbia's dower gives peerless power,
To guard her children true!
And wheresoe'er our colors flare,
There's home for me and you.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

" Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all its hopes for future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of storms and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee!
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears
Are all with thee—are all with thee!"

Tivy, Joseph Albert, 1840–

Souvenir of the Seventh, containing a brief history of it. Prefaced with a view front and rear of the "late unpleasantness" ... By Sergeant J. A. Tivy ... [Detroit? 1893]

78 p. illus. 17½cm.

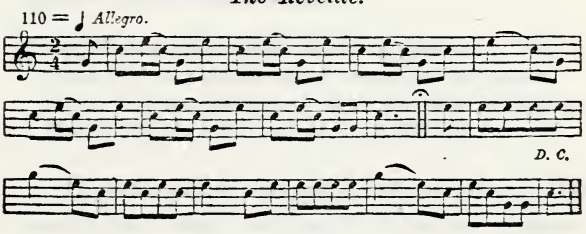
1. Michigan infantry. 7th regt., 1861–1865. 2. U. S.—Hist.—Civil war—Regimental histories—Mich. inf.—7th.

THEORY.

FRONT VIEW.

SUMTER SHELLED.

The Reveille.



RECONNOISANCE.

Assuming that the war has just begun on the part of the South, let us throw out a few skirmish lines and endeavor to reconnoitre the positions held and the creeds entertained by the Southern people; and if possible, reach a just conclusion as to whether or not we are justified in taking up arms against our fellow citizens.

"For when decision shall at last be given
Then with our swords must we appeal to heaven,
Though leads our paths through scenes of thickest war,
Not death itself must cause a nerve to jar."

It seems self-evident that but for slavery there would be no war, and yet the question of slavery is not vital. The pivotal point is this, viz: extension of slavery to the free Territories. The South says slavery is right and should be extended. The North says slavery is wrong and should not be extended. These two sentiments

regarding the extension of slavery are opposed to each other in all the array of war.

Though the South may have the constitutional right to carry slavery into the Territories, yet it overlooks this great truth, that nothing which is wrong in itself can be made a right either by laws or constitutions. The South upholds a Constitutional right in defiance of human rights, or in this case, has chosen to serve man rather than God.

Though slavery may be the remote cause, it is not the direct and immediate issue before the country. What then is the cause of this vast preparation of war against our brethren? I cannot answer this question better than by using the language of the President of the United States in his proclamation issued on the 15th of April: "Whereas, The laws of the United States have been for some time past and now are opposed, and the execution thereof obstructed by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, or by the powers vested in the marshals by law, now therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United

States, in virtue of the power in me vested by the Constitution and the laws have thought fit to call forth, and hereby do call forth, the militia of the several states of the Union to the number of 75,000 in order to suppress said combinations and to cause the laws to be duly executed." Here we find the single issue before us. The circumstances connected with this unhappy contest most clearly show the righteousness of our cause and justify this appeal to arms. We are called upon to vindicate the majesty of law. The conscience of the world is on our side. The moral sense of 20,000,000 at home bids us "go up" against our brethren. We may be called to shed the blood of our brothers; but it will be because we meet them in the place and while acting the part of rebels and traitors. No longer acting the part of brethren and fellow citizens we must meet them on the ground which they have chosen. Reason will not be heard, and forbearance is rewarded with the imputation of cowardice.

The cool masses of the North, guilty of no treasonable designs against the Union themselves, have been slow to admit the possibility of such

designs in the hearts of their brethren of the Sunny South. While they have been organizing a government and perpetrating acts which every other civilized nation would regard as high treason and causes of war, the National Government has remained almost entirely silent, and passive; and all classes of people in the loyal states have continued as absorbed in their accustomed avocations as though the interruptions of war were utterly impossible. And thus the North has exhibited to the world a fraternal confidence in the loyalty and good will of the South truly magnanimous.

But this tranquility and trust have at length been suddenly broken. The thunders of those newly made batteries which compelled the garrison of Sumter to evacuate the fort which they had held to the very verge of starvation, reverberated like the blast of an angel's trump along every river, through every valley, and up every mountain side in these Northern States, and swept over the plains of the West until they died away in the peaceful murmurs of the great Pacific.

The outburst of indignation could not have been more decisive, nor the uprising of the people more prompt and simultaneous. This spontaneous demonstration of loyalty and patriotism astonishes ourselves. We seem to have been as insensible to the depths of our devotion to the Government and to the Flag as we have been unsuspicious of the treacherous designs of our alienated brethren. Instantly our dreams of perpetual peace and our visions of uninterrupted prosperity were terminated. Parties have overleaped their separating barriers and now hover in harmony beneath the stars and stripes, vieing with each other in their efforts to arrest the work of treason.

Business has paused as if in homage to higher pursuits and the energies of business men diverted from the ordinary current have been straining with fearful tension to urge on the preparations for defence. The vast resources of commerce, and trade, and exchange have been placed at the service of the Government, single individuals contributing millions as an offering to their country. Senators and representatives have should-

ered the musket; ambassadors to foreign courts have delayed their departure; the lawyer has left his clients; the physician his patients; the well-paid and skillful mechanic has withdrawn from his peaceful arts; the student has abandoned the halls of science; the plowman has, Putnam like, left his plow in the furrow; and the minister of religion has relinquished the charge of his pulpit, and all have hastily exchanged the dress and implements of peace for those of war.

But this sweeping enthusiasm becomes madness unless pervaded by moral power. It is the steel of no foreign foe that is aimed against our liberties, but that of fraternal States whose emblems still hold their place on our cherished standards; not only so, but the predominating feeling at the North is in favor of perpetuating the brotherhood of these States. There is an almost universal remonstrance against striking from the national flag a single star.

This is not a war of conquest, nor a contest for pre-eminence, or mere superiority, or the balance of power. We have yet reached no such issue. Since, then, we are to meet our brethren in

civil strife we need to be sustained by moral power. We must see and feel not only that our cause is just, but also that it is our solemn duty to maintain it by force and arms. It was the inspiration of a righteous cause, the moral power generated by an abiding conviction of the rectitude of their course that sustained our fathers in their battles with brethren of English blood, and preserved them from despair under calamitous defeat and unparalleled privations and held them to their purpose till the object was achieved. It was the want of this moral power which crippled the energies of the British lion, else he had devoured his prey quickly. In the conflict between the Crown and the American colonies their most eloquent and effective defenders were in the English Parliament. It is said that one member openly declared that "If I were an American as I am an Englishman, I would never lay down my arms. Never! Never!! Never!!!" The pleas of these magnanimous supporters told against the English batteries far more effectually than American cannon. Here is the grand secret of the achievement and triumph in that most unequal contest.

We are thus brought to the question, How shall we obtain this moral inspiration, this calm and invincible conviction and assurance that the conflict for which we are arming is just? The Oracle of God in the hands of the ancient High Priest is no more with men, and its mysterious responses no more direct the course of God's servants. But in the clear light of religious truth which now shines, we may find a no less distinct and reliable response, "Go up against him." Kindness to treason is cruelty to the loyal.

The world has witnessed the sublime spectacle of twenty million of wealthy, powerful, united citizens allowing their Flag to be insulted.

"Stand by the Flag on land and ocean billow.
By it your fathers stood, unmoved and true.
Living defended, dying, from their pillow
With their last blessing passed it on to you."

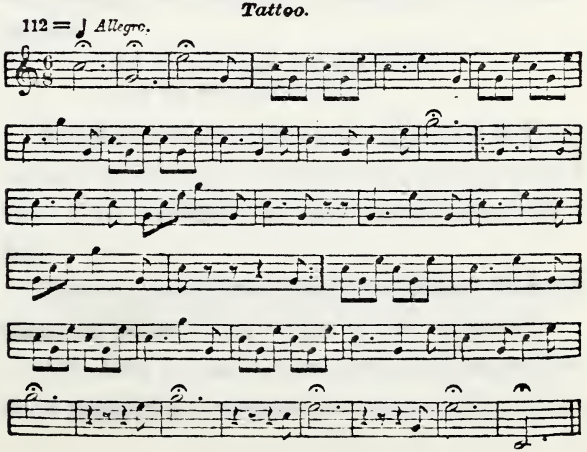
Nothing remains now but to strike down with organized violence the arm that is lifted against it. For the sake of our country their power must be crushed, their purposes defeated. These considerations indicate somewhat the character of the

crisis now impending, and the quality of the men who are armed against their country.

The framers of our Government made such provisions for constitutional changes as would forever render revolution unnecessary. If, then, all their complaints be well founded, their method of seeking redress still justifies the issue we take.

Being now assured "that our cause it is just" let us retire the skirmish lines and forward the line of battle to the conflict of years, and may the God of Hosts be our defense in the day of battle, our encouragement in the day of defeat.

Tattoo.



REAR VIEW.

Thank God, the war between the States (as the South prefer to call the "late unpleasantness" —rejecting the terms Rebellion and Civil War) is over, and that slavery is abolished. Its memories bring no hatred or regrets, only the memory of a misunderstanding, which had no other solution than a fight to settle it. The results of the war brought no change of views to the Southern people:

> "He who complies against his will,
> Is of his own opinion still."

The South in a certain sense fought for slavery, as there is no reason to believe that slavery would have been abolished in case secession proved a fact.

The war taught the South one lesson, that the secession of any State would not be permitted.

The love for the Union in the North was no more genuine and sincere than the prevalence and

intensity of love of the States Right theory held by the masses in the South as a sacred inheritance.

Originally it was not the purpose of our executive in prosecuting the war against the South to interfere with slavery where it then existed.

After many months of fighting a peace convention was held on board the Malvern (Com. Porter's flag ship), in Hampton Roads.

President Lincoln said to the Confederate representatives that three things were necessary:

1st. The restoration of the National authority.

2d. No receding by the executive on the slavery question.

3rd. No cessation of hostilities short of the disbanding of all forces hostile to the Government.

The Confederate commissioners replied that those three points virtually included the unconditional surrender of the Confederacy.

The terms of peaceful solution having been rejected, the North pressed with vigor on in the war for the Union, and in process of time Lincoln issued the decree proclaiming Liberty to, and

struck from the limbs of four millions of slaves the shackles which held them in bondage.

"And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

Let us hope that the refining forces of time have now enabled us to discard sectional bias and blind prejudice. The leaders of the South—taught from their youth up—believed in State sovereignty as the proper form of government, while we of the North held to the principle that "United we stand" or, "In Union there is Strength." The leaders of the South believed they were doing their highest duty in adhering to the fortunes of their States. That each seceding State had of itself severed their connection with the General Government. Whatever may be our views of the questions involved in the Civil War, justice may now be done to the memories of the prominent figures engaged on both sides. It is hard for him who was a partisan in the strife to be an impartial judge, for despite of desire, the

sound of the old bugles will mingle in the debate that follows battle. The most that can be hoped for in a history of a strife written by an actor in it, is that he shall honestly present its facts, and bear no hostility against his old antagonists.

In the limited space of time allotted the Historian at our camp-fire, one must of necessity make brief mention of events which were to us of great importance.

To trace the Seventh in its campaigns, reciting the exciting stories of the battles fought, would be but to revive the sad recollections of how our comrades fought and fell. The attempt to mention the times and places the Seventh came in contact with the enemy would be as futile as to specify the articles exhibited at the World's Columbian Exposition. The writer is inclined to look upon the bright side of army life, and to make the most of it; and now, comrades, as we continue our march to that last grand camping ground, let us catch the lingering melodies of our early war songs and tunes.

You remember that our band was one of the best, and that it paraded under the "Red, White

and Blue," with "Annie Laurie," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "The Mocking Bird" and "Medley of Melodies." From another source we would hear "Ye Banks an' Braes o' Bonnie Doon," "I'd Mourn the Hopes that Leave Me," and that one so favored by our boys "Willie, we have Missed You," and during your absence we became acquainted with that high toned "Joe Bowers" who communicated to us the startling information,

"At last I got a letter from my dear brother Ike,
It came from old Missouri and all the way from Pike."

Later, as a result of war times, we had given to us a grist of beautiful songs, which time can never efface from our memory—among which are—"Who Will Care for Mother Now?" "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching," "Kingdom Coming," "Marching Through Georgia," "Just Before the Battle Mother," "Tenting Tonight," "Mother, I've Come Home to Die," and that grand old piece not made to die, "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and sung to the tune "John Brown's Body." Our brass band soon

retired from the service and we were regaled with the animating music of the fife and drum and the blaring bugle.

In the pages which follow you will catch a glimpse now and then of the stern realities of war, and though your eyes may be dim with the mist of years, your minds will vividly see some of the fragments that float over the years of our early manhood. Many of my comrades now well advanced in life are

"Only waiting till the shadows are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer of the day's last beam is flown."

and if in my feeble effort, I have been able to assist them in bringing to mind events upon which they love to dwell, and have thus contributed to the happiness of their declining years, then is my labor not in vain.

To such this little book is dedicated by the author.

"Come, dear old comrade, you and I,
Will steal an hour from days gone by."

Read at the camp fire of the Seventh Michigan Association on the evening of June 14, 1892, at Fenton, Michigan.

Mr. President and Comrades:

At the reunion of our Association, held in Detroit the 5th of last August, in electing officers for the ensuing year, my name was mentioned in connection with the important place of historian.

Those of you with whom I have spoken are aware that this duty was neither sought nor desired by me. Nevertheless, I accept from the standpoint that we should all be willing to take our turn on guard and to tell the story of the Seventh.

The history of the Seventh, as it appears in "Michigan in the War," is fairly given, and all its statements may be official and yet we want something different. We want to hear more than

> "The sabre's clang and the bugle note,
> The roar of cannon's brazen throat."

It seems to me that personal recollections of incidents in camp and campaign should be the principal ingredients at a social re-union—matter in which the public have no concern and which is not published.

It is well known that the Americans are, of all people, the slowest to heed the warning voice of danger. In time of peace we were not prepared for war. In 1861 our military strength was next to nothing but a handful.

> "What were our means the onset to begin?
> The foe was strong in heavy discipline."

For many years prior to the war active preparations were being made by rebels, then high in authority, and a systematic method was employed to plunder our treasury, seize our forts and other property. With strength the South acquired confidence.

> "Her troops are ready, anxious to proceed,
> And do some exploit worthy future meed.
> They murmur restive in their present state,
> For active orders they impatient wait."

On the 12th of April, 1861, the long pent up fire of secession and rebellion burst in fury on

Fort Sumter. The sound of that bombardment reverberated through every hamlet in the loyal North. Our flag was assailed.

No speech produced such a wonderful uprising as the attack upon the flag, which embodied all that was dear to the loyal heart. Danger and death were counted as nothing, and only the overwhelming instinct to uphold the honor of the flag moved the heart. Let it wave over our school houses, and our public buildings, and our private homes. The flag that has never been unfurled in the face of an enemy, but to be planted in triumph upon his ramparts.

Fort Wayne, just below Detroit, was made a camp of instruction, with a regular army officer in charge. The officers and non-commissioned officers, forming the framework or skeletons of the Fifth, Sixth and Seventh regiments, assembled here about June 19, and were under instruction eight hours a day till August 3, when we were put on guard at the depot in Detroit on the return of the First regiment three months' soldiers from the South, after having passed through the battle first Bull Run. Probably Detroit never

witnessed such an excited anxious crowd as filled all the streets leading to the depot on that day.

Romans 12:18: "If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men."

This text was the subject of a sermon in Detroit to the soldiers of the Fifth, Sixth and Seventh regiments in July, 1861. Went by boat to the city and marched in and occupied the front seats. Some of the comrades may remember this circumstance. The text was so appropriate for the occasion that it was indelibly impressed upon my memory.

We dispersed to our homes, and the work of recruiting commenced and continued until the companies were full; then lost no time in going into rendezvous at Monroe.

A little incident, which has often occurred to my mind: A load of straw was hauled in between the tents of E and F. Walter Downs was making for his tent with an armful when one of Co. F called out, "Hello, Co. E, that don't go in there," was answered in this fashion: "You keep watch of it and see." Walter died early in

the war, and was buried at Newark, N. J. I visited his grave in the spring of '65.

The most of the men thought we had good quarters, and cheerfully accepted the situation. The whole affair seemed so like a picnic, so romantic for us all who had been accustomed to hard work on the farm.

To vary the monotony of the camp, one man was arrested for stealing chickens. He was also charged with drunkenness and other disorderly conduct. He was court martialed and reproved by the colonel before the regiment on parade. The propensity to steal chickens increased as we went South.

We cannot forget the many acts of kindness extended by the people of Monroe, which ended with a sumptuous dinner on September 5th. We left Monroe this day on two trains. We were in full State uniform. When we were all seated a citizen made an appropriate speech, which was responded to by Capt. John H. Richardson. Took the steamers "May Queen" and "Ocean" at Toledo about 9 P. M. for Cleveland.

Sept. 6th.—Left at 9:45 A. M., passing the beautiful Newburg, Macedonia and Hudson. Who does not remember the next town we struck —Ravenna—where a bountiful dinner was given us on the train. Leaving Ravenna, twenty miles away, we passed through Lyons, and then Wellsville, a dirty, smoky place, and arrived at Pittsburg about 12 P. M. Had coffee at once. No soldier during that long and fearful contest between the States passed through that busy and patriotic city without receiving from the citizens at the hands of the fair ladies living there a cordial welcome, a cup of coffee, a God bless you and a God speed; and I assure you if the good people of Pittsburg knew what a cheer this was to the men, as they halted for rest and rations, it would in some measure repay them for their patriotic, unselfish toil.

Sept. 7.—Rode all day through beautiful mountain scenery and thriving villages—Tyrone in the valley, McWaytown and Lewistown on the Junietta.

Sept. 8.—Arrived at York, Pa., at 5 A. M., and at Baltimore at 11 A. M. Left at 3 P. M. and

arrived at Washington at 9 P. M., where we were heartily cheered by the Michigan boys who went before. We unslung knapsacks in the Soldiers' Rest and marched into the Soldiers' Retreat and had supper, back again to the Rest and retired for the night.

Monday, Sept. 9th.—How many of us all through our boyhood days longed to see the United States capitol and to climb its lofty dome. As we enter the rotunda what a beautiful picture gallery is before us. The large oil paintings representing the "Surrender of Cornwallis," "Surrender of Burgoyne," "Embarkation of the Pilgrims," "Landing of Columbus," "General Washington resigning his Commission to Congress," "Baptism of Pocahontas," "The Equestrian Statute of General Scott," etc.

Our stay in the city was short, for we were ordered to Meridian Hill, in camp near Columbia College, now used as a general hospital. Here our time was also of short duration and after a pleasant march of two or three days we found ourselves on the ground selected for our winter camp, which was named "Benton." As winter

came on we found the Sibley tents unpleasant and inconvenient. We had a good many skillful woodsmen who prepared the timber for building the finest quarters in the army. The camp was sketched by 1st Sergt. J. L. Richardson, and lithographed at Baltimore and nearly every man of the Seventh has one in his home.

We entered at once upon the usual routine duties of the camp, squad, company and battalion drill and dress parade, Sunday morning inspection, attending divine service, and maintaining three lines of guard—camp, grand and picket.

An incident of camp guard. A sentinel on his beat near the edge of the wood challenges the approaching enemy. It did not halt and therefore suffered the penalty of the law. The sick horse was wounded and the next day was killed.

We were among people unfriendly to our cause and the grand guard were under the most stringent orders to observe all strange lights that might be used as signals at night to the enemy.

On a beautiful moonlight night I, as corporal, had charge of one post of three men with one on

guard. He called for corporal of the guard. I went to him and plainly saw the three signals indicated by him. With two men well armed I went out to investigate, and as we drew near, discovered three cows quietly ruminating while their white faces shone in the moonlight like silver.

About October 20, the Seventh took part in the movement which ended in the calamity of Ball's Bluff. The Seventh crossed the Potomac at Edwards Ferry on canal boats, and on account of the swollen condition of the river, we experienced great difficulty.

We landed on the Virginia side just at dark, and were at once sent forward about a mile and established a picket line: two men together and at short intervals.

Comrade Perry and myself were posted near a dead rebel, killed during the day by one of our sharpshooters. He was the first we had seen, and we wished he was with his regiment. At daybreak the line fell back through the cornfield to the farm house near the river. We were taking it easy here till 3 P. M., when we were

startled by animated firing. A rush was made and a line formed, but not without considerable confusion. We could plainly see the line of rebels advancing. Our artillery played havoc in their ranks and soon they were in full retreat. Who can tell what our fate would have been but for the artillery. You remember we were miserably armed at the time with the Belgian musket. It was only reliable when it hit the mark. It slung a large conical ball. Before it was destruction, in its rear the blackness of desolation. When the picket guard was relieved, it was the custom of all to discharge their guns. The writer was about to shoot across the Potomac when a crow came along up the river about fifteen rods from us, and at an angle of forty-five degrees; someone proposed that I shoot the crow. I lost no time in changing the course of the cyclone and it "called him down." This does not prove that the gun is an accurate target rifle, only as I said before—reliable when it hits. This shot furnished more crow than the Army of the Potomac wanted to eat for three years.

While on picket here we were allowed to pass the long hours of the day as we felt inclined. I

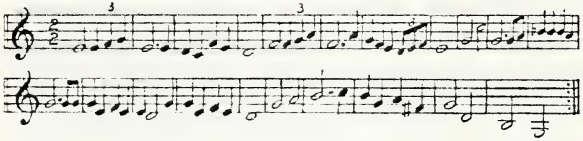
remember having a few minutes' talk with a slave who was harvesting corn in a field near by. "Sam," said I, "how much corn did you raise last year?" He must have been a good mathematician, for he replied at once: "A right smart lot, I reckon; sold a heap and had a pile left."

Another example in which the table of long measure has taken on the natural and practical form. A citizen of that part of the country was passing our post of the grand guard. I inquired of him the distance to Poolesville. Of course I knew all about it when he said: "About a mile and two screeches, I reckon." I put my own interpretation as meaning a mile plus twice the distance you could hear a man yell.

In this Ball's Bluff affair we were not engaged more than I have stated, yet many of our boys suffered from the inclemency of the weather, and date their disability in the service from that time. After this and all through the winter months we met the rebels face to face, with only the Potomac between. They would tantalize us now and then by inquiring if we wanted to play another game of "Bluff."

Another incident or two on picket and I am done with our operations in and about Camp Benton, where we buried more than thirty of our comrades.

It may not call up pleasant features of our camp life at Benton when I place before you from memory a line or two of the "Dead March," discoursed by our band at every burial. The music as here given may not be exactly like the original, and yet, comrades, it will not fail of its purpose.



A surprise party! I cannot give you the date of this pleasant surprise party which was given by Post No. 1 of the Picket Line to Post No. 2 early one morning. From the fact that we had chicken it is positive proof that it was very soon after we took possession of that part of Maryland. Lieut. S. N. Smith, then in charge of the Picket Line, moved it from the old position between the canal and river on account of the overflow, to the

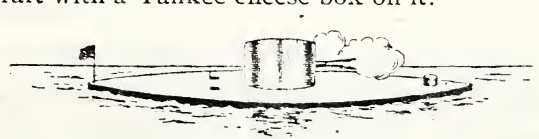
high land about a half mile to the rear. The writer had charge of Post No. 2 with seven or eight men, and we were all invited to Post No. 1 to breakfast. As we approached, we were wondering what could be the occasion of all this, when the savory odor of the chicken fricassee floated down upon us. They had a large camp kettle full of chicken and hard-tack and without asking where they got it we waged a war of extermination. In the thickest of the fight a citizen mounted, is passing by about four rods from us. When just opposite, he reins in his horse and inquires for the Commandant of the Picket Line. Lieut. Smith, wiping his mouth, is at his side in a moment when the stranger introduces himself: "I am a farmer and live but a short distance from here. My hen roost was robbed during the night, and I desire the privilege of looking along your line with the view of obtaining some clue to the theft at least." Says Lieut. Smith: "Your request is cheerfully granted and I hope you will discover the guilty parties, that they may be arrested, tried, convicted and punished." With thanks and a grateful heart the stranger rode on,

while the Lieutenant resumed the pleasant task in which he had been so rudely interrupted.

March 11th.—The Seventh broke camp and moved by canal boats to Harper's Ferry. Marched up the beautiful Shenandoah Valley to Berryville. Returned and camped near Charlestown. The spot of John Brown's execution was pointed out. Returned to Harper Ferry and occupied the evacuated buildings on Bolivar Heights. Here we exchanged our Belgian muskets for new and better guns. Remember the Bugler of the regular artillery, tied with hands behind and raised so high as to throw his head down. How the boys gathered around and threatened to release him. He did not remain long in that position. While in this camp, Company "E" buried one man.

Started for Washington, and I must call your attention to an incident that happened in the street at Harper's Ferry while standing there for marching orders. A negro was trying to get a barrel of sweet potatoes up a few steps into a a grocery. Some of our men who had wandered from the ranks and were on the sidewalk picked

off a potato, then another, then another; the darkey was alarmed, and said, he would go and tell Massa. In a moment Massa rushed out in a rage with a revolver in hand and swore he would shoot the next man that took a potato. This was fun for the boys and they confiscated that barrel in short order and no one hurt. This shows how foolish it is for one man to try to bulldose a lot of men. Gentle means in this case no doubt would have been efficacious. A soldier is easily persuaded but hard to drive. Arrived at Washington in due time where we took transports for Hampton. Though somewhat crowded on the boats we would have been still more so but for the earnest protest of Col. Grosvenor at the time of embarkation. We steamed by the Monitor in Hampton Roads, which the rebels derisively called a raft with a Yankee cheese box on it.



MONITOR

About twenty days before, occurred that memorable duel between it and the Merrimac, which

to this time had caused so much anxiety among the coast cities. In the desperation of the fight the ships closed, actually touching sides, hurling shot and shell at each other with demoniac energy. But these cast-iron missiles glanced or crumbled to powder. The rebel Yorktown at tempted to interfere, but a single 170 pound shot from the Monitor sent him home to have his wounds dressed. The contest was for a time so hot—the muzzles of the hostile guns almost touching each other—that both ships were enveloped in a cloud of smoke which no eye could penetrate. Flash and thunder roar burst incessantly for four long hours. The rebel was whipped, and firing his last gun, turned and ran away. A great sense of relief was experienced in this opportune, providential arrival of the Monitor.

He who believes that not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Father's notice, will recognize in this event the hand of God. The government had not ordered, nor even as yet purchased the Monitor, the Naval Board merely permitting the experiment to be made.

The army of the Potomac camped for a few days near the smoking ruins of Hampton. The camp of the Seventh was called "Grosvenor." The weather was warm at this time, about April 1st. Peach trees in bloom and there was music in the air every evening, as all of the brass bands of the army passed up and down in front of their regiments on parade. One could take in at a glance an army of sixty to seventy-five thousand.

During our stay here I visited one of the oldest graveyards in the United States, and penciled the following inscription: "Here lies the body of John Neville, Esq., Vice-Admiral of His Majesty's Fleet and Commander-in-Chief of the squadron cruising in the West Indies, who died on board the Cambridge the 17th August, 1697, in the 9th year of the reign of King William the III., aged 53 years."

April 3.—Marching orders received, and the work of culling out such articles of clothing as could be dispensed with commenced. Some of this kind of work had been done at every halting place since we left Camp Benton, and to-day I threw away one coat, one pair of pants, one pair

GETTING THERE.

of shoes, two shirts and several smaller articles which I do not now remember.

As was said concerning the sudden flight and stampede of the Syrian host from the siege of Samaria, nearly three thousand years ago, so it can as truly be said of our army:

"And lo, all the way was full of garments," etc.

Though we have just entered on the Peninsular Campaign under McClellan, I find that my story has already become quite voluminous, and I must refrain from mentioning but little except the general operations and work of the regiment.

The Seventh was assigned to the Second Corps under Sumner, and the Second Division under Sedgwick. We moved up the Peninsula till we came to the walls of Yorktown, where we lay in seige till May 4th, when the place was evacuated. The army advanced cautiously and you may judge slowly, for we remember we were eight hours in making the distance of two miles on a dark muddy night.

Some of us went around on the ramparts and saw all the cannon that had been spiked and

deserted by Magruder. Took transports for West Point, where we formed in line and held in reserve all day. Moved on up the Peninsula and were hotly engaged at Fair Oaks, May 31st, having lost seventy-five killed and wounded in a few minutes. It was now dark and we lay in line till morning when the battle opened to our left and raged with unabated fury all day. The Seventh was held in reserve. The rebel army fell back to Richmond.

The next day a large detail was made, and under command of Capt. Turrill, of Company G, a picket line was established about one-half mile in advance of the army, now only six miles from Richmond. This line was fortified and maintained till June 29th, when we commenced falling back to Harrison's Landing. We had gone but a short distance when we heard the rebel yell. They had just passed over our deserted fortifications and were in hot pursuit. They overtook us at Peach Orchard, Savage Station, White Oak Swamp, Glendale and Malvern Hill, and were repulsed at every point. Arrived at Harrison's Landing July 2d, and the next day

were cheered up by McClellan and staff as they rode about among the camps. It was no formal inspection or review, but only a friendly call. We saw McClellan nearly every day during this campaign, though some of the papers of the North grossly misrepresented him as being on a gunboat and absent from his command.

July 7th Col. Grosvenor resigns his commission and Col. Norman J. Hall succeeds to the command of the Seventh Michigan. The Army of the Potomac, now under Gen. Pope, next fought and was routed at second Bull Run. In this dilemma the War Department reinstated McClellan, who restored order out of chaos, overtook the rebels at South Mountain the 14th of September, and again, three days later, at Antietam, where, after a hard-fought battle, the rebels retire to the Virginia side and Maryland is free.

We have heard it said that McClellan was a traitor. How does this accusation correspond with the act of the War Department in restoring him to command in this great emergency?

James Love and Abram Anger, of Company E, Seventh Michigan Infantry, killed at the battle of Antietam.

The army next moved via Loudon Valley and Warrenton to Fredericksburg, where it arrived on the 17th of November, having on the march been placed in command of Gen. A. E. Burnside. Through delay in the pontoon train, his attack on the place was delayed till December 11th. In the meantime the enemy had thrown up rifle pits and redoubts, forming an impregnable defense in the rear of the city. Unquestionably the part taken this day by the Seventh reached the high-water mark of the war as a deed of daring.

"A daring movement frequently appalls
More than the battering of the assailing balls."

The following is from Gen. Thomas F. Meagher's report of this affair:

"A few minutes past 4 o'clock P. M. word was conveyed to me that a gallant body of volunteers had crossed the river in boats and taken possession of Fredericksburg. The State of Michigan fairly reserves to herself the largest measure of pride justified by this achievement."

The Seventh accomplished all the work for which it crossed, in keeping full possession of

the city while the pontoon bridges were being laid. The army crossed in safety. The great battle of the 13th resulted in a complete victory for the Confederates. It was the most disastrous in its effects of any of the war. The loss of the Union forces was about 12,000, while the loss to the South was very light. Our army charged the works of the enemy from early morn, till darkness only put an end to the fearful carnage. Our shattered forces returned to their old camps on Monday night, the 15th.

Gen. Burnside had been uniformly victorious in the Carolinas. He was counted brilliant. A few weeks later another movement of the army was attempted, but what the objective point was the author does not know, as events did not sufficiently develop for an ordinary soldier to discover. The affair has always been called "Burnside stuck in the mud."

Gen. Joe Hooker succeeded Burnside, and during the next few months the army was brought to fine condition, with confidence in the commander. In the meantime the Seventh took up its quarters in the evacuated buildings of Fal-

mouth and assigned to provost and picket guard. In this camp we rather enjoyed ourselves, duty light and provisions plenty.

We remember with pleasure the many friendly games of base ball on the parade ground and also the game played between the Seventh and the picked eleven of the Nineteenth Massachusetts. The stake money, $110, was put up by the officers of the two regiments and divided among the winners; making $10 each. We also remember the closing act. A banquet given by the victors, to which the vanquished were all invited. Fragrant Havannas were passed freely and here curled the smoke of peace. We shall always hold in high esteem our comrades of the Nineteenth. We were always together and shared and fared alike.

May 3rd: Second Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville campaign by Hooker could not be called a success for the Union, though the South lost her second best general – Stonewall Jackson, said to have been killed by his own men through a mistake. In this affair the Seventh crossed again at the Lacy House, and though exposed to

the fire of the enemy for a short time we were not engaged. On the morning of the 5th or 6th, returned to the north side and resumed our old position.

The following, copied verbatim from a letter written by your historian, and dated Falmouth, Va., June 2d, '63:

"It has been published to the army that the Seventh Michigan Infantry, among others, were dirty and unsoldierly in appearance, etc., and are consequently deprived of any privileges until an improvement is wrought. The report came from Capt. S. N. Smith, whose aspirations for higher office were so great that he thoughtlessly took the wrong method of gaining his point. Our officers were indignant and immediately remonstrated and demanded a special inspection by the Division Inspector, which was granted. His report certifies that we are as well uniformed as could be expected, and our quarters generally policed, and our arms and equipments in excellent condition."

BUSINESS.

The dark waves of the slave-holders' rebellion then surged in all their fury and dashed their proud foam against the Northern rocks at Gettysburg. Gen. Hooker while en route was superseded by Gen. Meade, and after three days' desperate fighting the Confederate forces flee, having met with immense loss in men and material of war. The Seventh, in the Second Corps, bore its full share in the heat and burden of those three days of battle.

Our daring Hancock, central takes command,
His joy to dwell where brave men dread to stand.
And the shout that went up with the set of the sun,
Told the North was triumphant, the great battle won.

The Great American conflict may now be said to have reached its highest point. With the fall of Vicksburg and Gettysburg the Confederacy began to crumble.

We will now move over the Draft Riot and through the winter camp, and to the campaign conducted by Gen. Grant in '64. Beginning at the Wilderness, for more than thirty days the Army of the Potomac was hurled against the fortified forces of the enemy, moving at night to

attack fresh defenses in the morning. The country shuddered at the fearful slaughter and called for Grant's removal.

Grant took command after he was fully assured that there would be no dictation on the part of the War Department. He profited by the experience of all the generals who preceded him, and now he could afford to advance calmly and with the deliberate determination which conscious power gave him. I think there is some reason to doubt the wisdom of such a course, especially when we know that the problem was reduced to a certainty. With supplies cut off—surrender must inevitably follow.

Grant had a foe worthy of his steel. Gen. Robert E. Lee is the only representative we recognize of the Confederacy. No indefensible cause ever had so good a defender and few battles for the right a better one.

For three years he baffled the plans or routed the armies of successive Union commanders. With fewer men and more limited resources, he utilized his opportunities with the rarest skill and wisdom. It neither detracts from the fame

nor impairs the estimate of this consummate soldier that he was beaten by Grant.

Grant was great in magnanimity to a fallen foe. When Lee's army lay prostrate at his feet, he sternly declined the triumph of entry into Richmond at the head of his victorious army, for, said he, "They are our fellow citizens and must not be humiliated."

REVIEW OF THE CAMPAIGN OF '64.

"BEFORE the summer's heat began,
Along the storied Rapidan,
Our army marched against the foe,
And dealing many a sturdy blow
In battles fierce and awful strife
Contended for the nation's life.
Ah! then were deeds of valor done
And fame, to live forever, won,
Where foot to foot and hand to hand
The men of that devoted band
Upheld the banner of the free
And smote the hosts of slavery.
The struggle oft was hot and long,
For foes were vigilant and strong,
And all that fertile Southern plain
Was red with blood of heroes slain.
But Yankee soldiers would not yield,
And from the gory battle field
The rebel ranks were driven back
Before their bold and fierce attack.
At length at Richmond's frowning walls
They thundered with their cannon balls.
And our heroic leader, Grant,
The flag of freedom soon did plant
Upon rebellion's citadel,
And boom of gun and peal of bell
'Mid joyful shouts of millions free,
Then told of final VICTORY."

The foregoing poetical narrative would seem to indicate that Grant had a snap in walking away with Lee and taking Richmond as the closing act of his campaign in '64. It is more poetry than truth, as you will see.

Grant took command in March when the fortunes of war were still in suspense, when many of the friends of the Republic were despondent, when its enemies were confident. The government gave up all control of the armies and all direction of the strategy. It did not insist upon appointing or retaining a single subordinate commander. It refused him no request for men or material of war.

In May, Lee was on the Rappahannock within sixty miles of Washington, and Grant immediately in his front with the Army of the Potomac. Grant crossed and fought the Battle of the Wilderness. Lee was able to withstand him and after a three days' fighting there was a pause. In the midst of this carnage Grant endeavored to advance around the right flank of Lee; but Lee was alert as well as Grant and got his army again across the national advance. Then came the

battles of Spottsylvania lasting nearly a week and more awful still than those of the Wilderness, but with no more decisive results. Lee was still in Grant's way. Again Grant moved in the night and brought his own left flank around the right of Lee and crossed the North Anna only to meet his wily adversary on the southern side and was soon obliged to withdraw, foiled again by his skillful opponent. He moved a long way to the left and reached Cold Harbor within six or seven miles of Richmond. Lee was again his equal and Grant found the whole Southern army in his front before he was ready to attack. Then came the tremendous but unsuccessful assaults of June, when the Northern army was thrown again and again against Lee's breastworks only to be repelled. Grant was now forced to change his tactics. He made a wide detour and threw his entire army across the James, and before the attack was made the whole Southern army stood ready to give Grant a reception. Petersburg must now be besieged. This was one of the darkest moments in Grant's career. He had been tried as General-in-Chief and he had not won.

He had been matched against his great antagonist and he was not victorious.

The operations of our army on the new line were heavy and continuous and the advance slow but sure and Lee, discovering that the coils were now becoming daily closer—and from which there was no escape—surrendered with his forces at Appomattox, April 9, 1865.

At Appomattox was ushered in the grandest epoch in the history of this Nation. What period in all history ever made such footprints on the sands of time? Within human remembrance came the steam printing press, railroad, telegraph, steamboat, photograph, sewing machine, steam plow, friction match, gas light, chloroform, nitro glycerine, the Monitor, California gold discoveries, oil wells, electric light and telephone.

To us—the victors—came also the responsibility of caring for an emancipated people. Able statesmen have been taxed to their utmost to reconstruct the affairs of the South amicably to all. In the words of our immortal Lincoln, "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are

in; to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

Then as we pursue our onward course let us also pause with each succeeding Memorial Day and strew the graves of our dead with blossoms beautiful and fragrant. Dear comrades, let us make this day to ourselves a day profitable to our Patriotism and stimulating to our love of country. Vain are all our offices of commemoration if there comes not to our own souls some lesson of good from their high example. To them our praise is not necessary. Their reward is assured. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there come no sounds, yet, if from beyond the bending skies which month after month and year after year, will shed tender sunshine and fostering rains to keep fresh the verdure and the bloom above their graves, their voices could come to us, urging us to keep alive every patriotic impulse in our hearts, to cherish with deeper love our dear native land, to rekindle anew on the

altars of our hearts the fire of patriotism, their utterances would be only the same message that comes to us from their immortal example, from our recollection of their services and sacrifices as year after year we bend in reverence above their graves.

> "Youth should appeal with earnest pure desire.
> For light that shall ascending hopes inspire
> To noble deeds, that, carved on history's page,
> In deathless memory live from age to age."

Here let us pause; the years have passed, summer and winter. Each season in its appointed time has held in its embrace the Northland and the Southland alike. The shell-shattered tree, the canon-rifted earth, the torn bastions, the fields plowed by "war's dread enginery" have all changed their rude, sad features. The tender touch of nature has shrouded in moss, creeper and verdure the riven tree; the broken earth has been brought by industry into smiling places of plenty. The wild flowers bloom where the deadly missiles hurtled fast and furious. Dear nature has kissed alike the graves of Union and Confederate, and her robes of verdure or of snow are the proofs of loving impartiality—but memories live.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

Two Veterans met in Southern land;
Again recalled the story
Of bygone days, when, sword in hand,
They'd fought on fields so gory.
Said one, "I wore the Southern gray,"
His voice grew soft and tender,
"I followed Lee until the day
That saw complete surrender."
"And I," said he who wore the blue,
In tones of deep emotion,
"I fought and marched with Sherman thro'
Old Georgia to the ocean."
Then clasping hands their hearts were raised
To God in supplication
That every wall of hate might fall
Throughout our Christian nation.

The last message of Gov. Blair to the legislature in January, 1865, contains the following tribute to the soldiers of the State:

"Again, and for the last time, I commend the Michigan troops to your continued care and support. They have never failed in their duty to the country and the State. . Upon every great battle field of the war their shouts have been heard and their sturdy blows have been delivered for the Union and for victory. Their hard earned fame is the treasure of every household in the State, and the red blood of their veins has been poured out in large measure to redeem the rebellious South from its great sin and curse. At this hour they stand under the flag of their country, far away from home, in every quarter where the enemy is to be met along the banks of the Father of Waters, in the great city at its mouth, on the Arkansas, in the captured forests of the Gulf, by the waters of the Cumberland, the Tennessee and of the Savannah, in the chief city of the empire state of the South, among the conquering columns in the valley of the Shenandoah, and in the trenches under the eye of the

GOVERNOR AUSTIN BLAIR.

lieutenant general in the great leaguer of Petersburg and Richmond. Alas! that they are also perishing of cold and hunger and disease in the filthy rebel prisons and pestilential camps of the South.

"In every situation their bravery has won the approval of their commanders, and their heroic endurance of hardships has added lustre to their name.

"It is my sole regret at quitting office that I part from them. My earnest efforts for their good shall follow them while I live, and now from this place, I bid them hail and farewell."

These words of Austin Blair must stir his surviving comrades like a trumpet.

BATTLES ENGAGED IN.

The Seventh was engaged at Ball's Bluff, Va., October 21, 1861.

Siege of Yorktown, April 4 to May 4, 1862.
West Point, Va , May 7, 1862.
Fair Oaks, Va., May 31 to June 1, 1862.
Peach Orchard, June 29, 1862.
Savage Station, June 29, 1862.
White Oak Swamp, Va., June 30, 1862.
Glendale. Va., June 30, 1862.
Malvern Hill, Va., July 1, 1862.
Bull Run, 2d, Va., Aug. 30, 1862.
South Mountain, Va., Sept. 14, 1862.
Antietam, Md., Sept. 17, 1862.
Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 11, 12 and 13, 1862.
Chancellorsville, Va., May 3 and 4, 1863.
Haymarket, Va., June —, 1863.
Gettysburg, Pa., July 2 and 3, 1863.
Falling Waters, Ind., July 14, 1863.
Bristo Station, Va., Nov. 27, 1863.
Robertson's Tavern, Va., Nov. 29, 1863.
Mine Run, Va., Nov. 29, 1863.
Wilderness, Va., May 5 and 6, 1864.

Po River, Va., May 10, 1864.
Spottsylvania, Va., May 12, 1864.
North Anna, Va., May 23, 1864.
N. Y. River, Va., May 24, 1864.
Tolopotomy, Va., May 30 and 31, and June 1, 1864.
Cold Harbor, Va., June 3, 1864.
Petersburg, Va., Aug. 25, 1864.
Boydton Road, Va., Oct. 27, 1864.
Hatcher's Run, Va., Feb. 15, 1865; also March 29, 1865.
Cat Tail Creek, Va., April 2, 1865.
Farmville, Va., April 7, 1865.

It can also be claimed for the Seventh that it participated in the siege of Petersburg, Va. Several of the later battles were fought by the Seventh while it was held in reserve, as it were subject to call and ready to move when pressure should demand at the central scene of action.—The Siege.

ORIGINAL ROSTER, AUGUST 22, 1861.

FIELD.

Col., Ira R. Grosvenor.
Lieut. Col., Frazey M. Winan.
Major, Nathaniel B. Eldridge.

STAFF.

Adjt., Henry B. Landon.
Qr. Master, Chas. M. Walker.
Chaplain, Addison K. Strong.
Surgeon, Bolivar Barnum.
Asst. Surgeon, Cyrus Bacon.

LINE.

"A" Capt., Thos. H. Hunt.
1st Lieut., Charles J. Hunt.
2nd Lieut., James Gain.

"B" Capt , Phillip McKernan.
1st Lieut., Amos E. Steele.
2nd Lieut., John B. Howell.

"C" Capt., Henry Baxter.
1st Lieut., Sidney B. Vrooman.
2nd Lieut., W. W. Wade.

"D" Capt., James Darrah.
1st Lieut., Sylvanus W. Curtiss.
2nd Lieut., Amos T. Hecock.

"E" Capt., John H. Richardson
1st Lieut., Samuel N. Smith.
2nd Lieut., James Leavitt.

"F" Capt., John D. Harty.
1st Lieut., Henry W. Nall.
2nd Lieut., Chas A. McKnight.

"G" Capt., James H. Turrill.
1st Lieut., Jacob L. Green.
2nd Lieut., Oscar A. Williams.

"H" Capt., Joshua P. Sutton.
1st Lieut., Almeron S. Mathews.
2nd Lieut., Chas. H. Harris.

"I" Capt., Bezaleel W. Lovell.
1st Lieut., Wm. R. Shafter.
2nd Lieut., Elhanan Phetteplace.

"K" Capt., John H. Watterman.
1st Lieut., Allen H. Zacharias.
2nd Lieut., Geo. H. Laird.

MICHIGAN.

"Home of my heart, I sing of thee,
Michigan, my Michigan.
Thy lake-bound shores I long to see,
Michigan, my Michigan.
From Saginaw's tall whispering pines
To Lake Superior's farthest mines
Fair in the light of memory shines
Michigan, my Michigan.

Dark rolled the Rappahannock's flood,
Michigan, my Michigan.
The tide was crimsoned with thy blood,
Michigan, my Michigan.
Although for us the day was lost,
Yet it shall be thy proudest boast
At Fredericksburg our Seventh crossed,
Michigan, my Michigan.

When weary watching traitor foes,
Michigan, my Michigan,
The welcome night brings sweet repose,
Michigan, my Michigan.
The soldiers, weary from the fight,
Sleep sound, nor fear the rebels' might,
For 'Michigan's on guard to-night!'
Michigan, my Michigan.

And when the happy day shall come,
Michigan, my Michigan.
That brings thy war-worn heroes home,
Michigan, my Michigan,
What welcome from thy own proud shore,
What honors at their feet thou'lt pour,
What tears for those who come no more,
Michigan, my Michigan."

MOTHER.

"Comrades tried in battles many,
On the far outposts of time,
Tell me, comrades, is there any
Sign or signal so sublime
As the name we name each other,
Halting in the ranks to-day.
Comrade, like the name of Mother,
How it charms all cares away.

"Comrades! when my vision darkens,
When my steps are silent grown,
And the ear impatient harkens
For a once familiar tone,
Lay the starry flag above me,
Put my badge upon my breast,
Weep not, comrades, as you love me,
Thus a soldier goes to rest.

"Comrades! when the assembly's sounding
In the kingdom of the blest,
And the silent army gathers
From the valleys of unrest,
And they call the roll of heroes,
And they answer loud and clear,
How my heart will swell with rapture
Comrades, when you answer 'Here.'"

TENTING TO-NIGHT.

"We are tenting to-night on the old camp ground,
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home
And the friends we love so dear.

CHORUS.

"Many are the forms that are weary to-night
Waiting for the war to cease.
Many are the hearts longing for the right,
And the dawn of peace.

"We've been tenting to-night on the old camp-ground
Thinking of days gone-by;
Of the loved ones at home, who gave us the hand,
And the tear that said good-by.

CHORUS.

"We are tired of war on the old camp ground,
Many are dead and gone,
Of the brave and true who left their homes,
Others are wounded—lone.

CHORUS.

"We've been fighting to day on the old camp-ground
Many are lying near.
Some are dead and some are dying.
Others are in tears."

CHORUS.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

TUNE "JOHN BROWN'S BODY."

"Mine eyes have seen the glory
Of the coming of the Lord,
He is tramping out the vintage
Where the grapes of wrath are stored,
He has loosed the fateful lightning
Of his terrible quick sword,
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS—Glory! Glory! Etc

"I have seen him in the watch-fires
Of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar
In the evening dews and damps.
I have read his righteous sentence
By the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

CHORUS—Glory! Glory! Etc.

"He has sounded forth the trumpet
That shall never call retreat,
He is sifting out the hearts of men
Before His judgment seat.
Oh! be swift my soul to answer Him,
Be jubilant my feet!
Our God is marching on.

CHORUS—Glory! Glory! Etc.

"In the beauty of the lilies
Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom
That transfigures you and me.
As He died to make men holy
Let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on."

CHORUS—Glory! Glory! Etc.

JOSEPH ALBERT TIVY.

Height—6Ft. Hair—Brown.
Weight—140 Lbs. Eyes—Blue.

TIVY

ADDRESS:

Seven Straight Sticks,

Sixteenth Street,

DETROIT, "B" MICH.

JOSEPH ALBERT TIVY.

Born Dec. 6, 1840, in Lewiston, Niagara County, N. Y. Being not far removed from the last war period with Great Britain, patriotism ran high, and the boys of Lewiston and Queenston took a special pride in keeping up the animosity. The Fourth of July speeches and celebrations were immense, cannons, anvils, bonfires, rockets, fire-balls, tar barrels, and for a dessert a hand-to-hand engagement with the "Canucks" who ventured over. His school days here are among the pleasantest recollections of his life. His sports were diversified and enjoyable—skating, coasting, sailing, swimming, fishing and hunting were all afforded in the highest degree.

"When long years have crowned us, remembrance shall gaze
With joy on our childhood and happy school days."

In November, 1853, his father moved with his family to Michigan. All the way from

Buffalo by steamer to East Saginaw, eighteen miles from their destination—Tuscola, which in those early days was the liveliest place on the Cass. "Since that time how things have changed." Three or four months' schooling in the winter and work on the farm the balance of the time was the yearly program till 1861.

Enlisted June 19, 1861; discharged Aug. 31, 1864. Was in the fourth boat when the Seventh Michigan crossed at Fredericksburg, Thursday, Dec. 11, 1862. Was with the regiment when the charge was made on the works in the rear of the town, Saturday morning, and since the death of Lieut. J. L. Richardson is the only survivor of the four men of Co. "E" who remained at the front until ordered to fall back at twelve o'clock at night. The other comrades referred to are Edwin Pierson from Lapeer County, and Edward W. Johnson from Genesee County—died May 22, 1893.

Sergt. Tivy was never wounded, but received a bullet through his coat collar while crossing the street in Fredericksburg Thursday P. M. The fate of some of his comrades with whom he

tented—Ambrose E. Haines still lives, though suffering from a gunshot wound through the face, received when launching the pontoon boats. Thomas Francis fell mortally wounded at Glendale. Harper Richardson promoted to a Lieutenancy in the Twenty-Seventh Michigan, died of wounds received at Jackson, Miss.

The Lord seems to have been particularly mindful of Comrade Tivy in leading him safely through the dangers and temptations of his army life. To three years in the military service of Uncle Sam he has added ten years in his Civil Service, making about one-quarter of his life so far in the service of his country.